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THE RETIRED

construction Time," and is the Last of the Series.

A Sermon on Primitive Christianity, Chapter of Genesis.

I hope it will not be regarded as offensively egotistical for me to give a sample of the kind of readng that is most interesting to me in my retirement from the regular duties ofthe ministryand the great solace I derive from such reading o find it in line with much of my humble ministerial efforts in form er years. The specimen I allude to is from an editorial on Primitive Christianity in the Charlotte Standard, of Charlotte, North Car

olina, December 18, 1901: "There is a freshness and purity about the new created world. As we read that marvelous poem, the first chapter of Genesis, which is just as true to the concept on of our own scientific age as it was to Will practice in all the courts of that of the ancient Hebrews, we washed by the rain, as the atmosphere vaporation condensed, then Then the story of the long lost deep and pungent fervor: Eden, of purity and happiness and peace, is one that has taken a ing after its departed blessedness save for the hope of Paradise regained, with the never failing tree of healing and the river of the water of life. There is the same sort of freshness about the life of the early Christian Church.' It had been purified by the fires of persecution, and washed with the blood Be scattered around and together of the saintly martyrs. We expect in New Testament times to see a pure church. The Apostles who had companied with the Lord Jesus and were witnesses of the fact of his Resurrection through hav-Prompt and careful attention ing seen the Lord alive after his Yea! hope and despondency, plea passion were still living to teach the people with the authority of a Are mingled together in sunsline personal testimony concerning self. It is true that even in New

Will practice, in the courts of ishness and falsehood of an Anna-Greenbrier and adjoining counties, nias or by the sordidness of a Simon Magus. But the picture is a upon earthly scenes as they pass beautiful one beside the shadow, and it is hung up in the gallery of the Scriptures as an evidence of Father of our Lord Jesus Christ the Scriptures as an evidence of the transforming and sanctiving power of the Gospel of Christ.—

power of the Gospel of Christ.—

power of the Gospel of Christ.—

pring life and immortality to light then on the wooded ridge to the control of the nies as to the purity of the church in the Gospel. Let me repeat it which succeeded the Apostolic age with all possible emphasis, thanks One of these is the famous letter be to this loving God and Father of Pliny in which he testifies that of all comfort for vouchsafing ne the Christians instead of being the the life I have lived. Though Le criminals they were fact bind themselves by a vow not Him, yet all the while He was so stead of geting in Mr Mille: re to commit crimes .Recently there near that in Him I lived, moved ed under the seat and drew was discovered in that tresure house of lost Christian literature ly as if I had been the only one around. From this he to

an died A. D. 138. And now for tender mercies. the testimony of this Apology on by their (Apostles) preaching are commands of the Lord Jesus grav en upon their hearts, and they ob- for. serve them, looking forward to the resurrection of the dead, and the life to come. They do not commit adultery, nor bear false witness, nor covet the things of others; they honor father and mother and love their neighbors.;

they judge justly and they do not to others what they would not wish to happen to themselves; despise not the widow nor the or- n't make it your business, don't and comfortable one, the che phan; and they who have, give put any more money in oil propedamp having been banished by

It baffles all ordinary effort of ones to go into if you watch your least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

It bathes all ordinary effort of ones to go into it you watch your after E. I. Roe's usual courself, least twice a year. The exact date the imagination to realize the hapoportunity, andif you get a good this visit will appear in this and corresponding walk and converself, let the other fellow have a little if he is willing to the mud, thick enough to bear munity. Take for illustration the give you a prfit. I had a few one's weight. It was clear, more present population estimated at which was offered \$150 for every ways the road kept down the valeight thousand souls, as reported dollar invested in it—we declined ley, with a flank of large house by the late Census. Were every it and our well was dry in twenty- and fine farms on either side. man, women and child, attaining two days, so we only made about the age of discretion, become inbuted with Christ's religious sentiments so as to be the rule of their paying \$250 for twenty-five shares lives, then each person would have I have had that stock six years it has paid me discretion. It was a hundred feet above the lives, then each person would have I have had that stock six years it has paid me discretion.

But wherever the prinutive type is superceded by the religion Raymond 8. Spears, a Correspondent of the of self, when the prevailing element of society is embued by the religion of self and people love themselves with all the heart, soul mind and strength and thems lves He tells of his Journey from John Bobetter than their neighbors, the gan's to Covington, passing the

out come would be this: Every individual would have but one friend, himself, and seventhousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons for neighbors who cared more for themselves than for him, and would have no use for his society except when something was to be made off of him.

our social circles and in all per-

taining to political interests.

. While transcribing the forego ng from my diaries and neusing over the scenes so vividly recalled time after time, my feelings have found expression in words so fitly spoken as these:

of power, And all that beauty, all wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour :-The paths of glory lead but to

the part of the gifted poet of the

why should the heart of a mortal be proud? Like a swift flying meteor, a fast flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,

And the young and the old, an the low and the high Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

sure and pain

and rain; nd the smile and the tear and song and the dirge Still follow each other like surge

upon surge.' Nevertheless though things. o before us; still let sincerest thanks with my eyes have I never seen when he came to the buggy, in and had my being, just as effective mouth of a bushel or larger the St. Catherine Convent of the that had ever lived or would live handsful of apples and fill ? Sinai, a Syriac Version of the Ap-ology of Aristides, addressed to sweet singer of Israel I would call the Emperor Hadrian. The Ver- upon my soul and all that is with ple sauce sion dates from the Seventh Centu in me to bless His Holy Name ry, but the Apology itself mest who forgiveth thy iniquities, who Pocahontas and adjoining counties have been written in the first half healeth thy diseases, who crown-

> And now as I write these con- ner in the jail. For the fir a single point: They who still cluding words, I feelingly realize in weeks I ate pie in w life's evening pointing towards summer resort, as is the called Christians. They have the the eternal morning that Jesus Springs, a few miles further came to reveal and bids us woit and Healing Springs, still furt

> > "My latest sun is sinking fast, My course will soon be run. May my longing heart be bourne

Who bled and died for me, Whose blood now cleanses from And gives me victory."

A WALK DOWN SOUTH

Eorest and Stream, is Walking from New York State to the South.

gan's to Covington, passing the Warm Springs on the way.

About 9 o'clock Monday morning I started down the road head ing for Warm and Hot Springs. Amile through the woods brought had slept well at Bogan's.

"Well, sir, three men came to his "The boast of heraldry, the pomp They had bout a gallon and want that the farthest sugar loaf peak wouldn't, and they cussed around sky. It was difficult to fasten one three drew their revolvers and along the range from right across door and through the chinks in in the south, on to the north. As While these are words of sur- the logs. One bullet like to have usual with such scenes, the vastprising beaty and apart of the te- killed Pritz's wife; planted itself purified by the primeval fires, then sults of seven years meditation on in the mantelpiece right wher? she was standing. They fired fif- ing down the slope playing "Home Elegy, yet such is their pathetic teen or twenty shots, or maybe it teeming with vegetable life and truth that under their inspiration was only twelve or thirteen. Friz with as many variations as I knew janimals, and not a trace of sin. one feels like exclaiming with a said he never was soscared in all his life. Those men did n't have any right to do that. If a man's trying to quit drinking they ought to be left alone; but some men haven't got any more principle than a yellow pig. My pigs are all black. I like that kind better. Iused to"

> Just then the mail carrier hove in sight on a buckboard, and Ry- on pointts to keep the decline gra der and I cut for the road on a run, so that I could put my pack aboard and send it to the Waria Springs. The pack adjusted on a cornshucker he had made, that county could have made, so folks a thicker growth in some saplings.

Ryder had wet his lips for a new

the bend. Perhaps Ryder has

A mile upgrade followed that got its name from the discord ery of Indians up the creek by the came to a house of rough board Here Mr Miller stopped for a while half a dozen children, all less be a God that hides himself and wild-eyed and open mouthed arms of the little tots with for eating and some over let

"I like to see the way eth thee with loving kindness and laugh when they get apples

At Warm Springs I got un in weeks I ate pie -in a v pae People come there "from all or to get washed," the darker From with to the Healing Springs w on aload of iron for a bath h told me. "Folks that need it benefited a mighty, too, he ac A few miles away I came to store known to postmasiers Carloover. I stopped there found that I could get a place sleep there at the charming h

business ten years and made my irteen miles-was not a pleas ogrudgingly to him who has not sitions than you can afford to lose fire in the stove. On the ta If they see a stranger they take or do without several years. If were many books-Ben Hur, t him under their roof and rejoice you don't make it your business Deemster, Portraits and Princ over him as over a very brother, spend your money in investigat-principles, Sappho, An Original for they call themselves brethren, ing before spending any develop-Belle, Commercial Law. I skimnot after the flesh, but after the ing or speculating. Reject the bad med through An Original Belle propositions, let some body else following the hero from his machave them, there are enough good ulate state to his immaculate state -after E. P. Roe's usual course

of Pocahontas, with its shares of stock in a company over and good walking. For

valley ended abruptly in of rough, treed and rocky

the blacksmith shop I learnthat I could get dinner in the Iside a hundred vards away. It was lucky that I stopped. Not only was the din-ner good—hot biscuit, sausage, several kinds of preserved fruits, nilk and coffee,-but it was the last house, with one exception for seven miles.

I started on after eatingand half mile away I was in a wild woods, Amile through the woods brought me in sight of a clearing on the far side of the run. A man was down in the field from the house. It was tion as possible, I traveled on to Ryder. I put down my pack and the top of the divide. The road crossed over to let him know I clung to the mountainside, and in a port of gap the road changed "Did you hear about John from up to down. North and Pritz?" he asked the first thing. south led the valley, with a great "Well, sir, three men came to his mountain range upon you side—house—little log house down on a range wich led one's gaze farth-Mud Run-last Friday night, er than the valley-so far indeed ed Pritz to drink with them. Pritz seemed to blend withthe gray-blue some: Pritz ordered them out of gaze upon any point of the moun-They went, and then all tain. Repeatedly my eye was led shot a lot of holes through the the valley to the most distant rise ness brought a feeling of lonesome ness and smallness. I went march Sweet Home" on a French harp,

Many hundered feet below caught glimpses of Jacksons River which I had left above Bogan's When the road led around an aerial cape I could see farms on the bottoms and miles of the side hills ters in various places, for it had to ziz-zag back into gullies and out dual.

There were signs that fire had swept the mountain side at least once. Jack and bull pine grew the buckboard, Ryder told about tall among the scrub oak. There The Reverend Miller came by as I made my way down toward twinkling eyed man. He drove are. It makes the New York sysroad tax look expensive, when one compares the roads.

> was partly harnessed. Later I sleeping department scope for uslearned that a flock of pheasants ing the same. Hours and hours had raised on boisterous wings in front of the horse and scared it off the road down 50 feet of embankment to the scrub trees, wrecking the carriage, and accounting for the man's cross look in response rah answered a timid knock at her and pained in him,

I walked so slowly that it was nearly dark when I reached Covington. The more beautiful a rethan eight years of age, looked on gion is the more exhausting it is to travel over. One stops oftener, looks for commanding sites, and travels further generally. I was unusually tired and hungry when reached a stopping place. I intended to stay in Covington couple of days, but learning that whose baby occupant constitute a there was a "hard road to travel" and a "mighty mean country" before me, and that "the people were pretty rough" on my proposed route, I left Covington the follow ing morning spurred some what by the hotel fare.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Pocahonas Times: Afew weeks ago I saw an article in your paper on woman suffrage, or rather slurring the idea of wo-

May I have space in your valuable paper to give some reasons One reason is, that they are

Another reason is they are subected to the law. In short I nev er heard a reason urged against women suffrage that was worth considering or that was not an insult to the understanding of very small boy.

frage is like a bag of feathers susit all day and at night it is a bag of feathers still, neither ruffled or

is that the right is denied to woenough of ancient barbarism that made women slaves and beasts of burden, and that then made them pets and playthings. Thank heaven it is graduatly passing a

The whole logic of it lies in a vote or men should not.

Why do I say this? I say this

M'AMSELLE

and his Family Returning to their

on Deborah Mason. Alone in a large hotel in New Orleans with ever arose to meet emergencies, and never succumbed beneath them; in her varied life she had thus by the help of God conquered many a difficulty tho' the present loomed up largely and portentiously before her. Richard Mason had made a venture not whol- Clare.' ly unsuccessful on the new fields of Texas in the last of the '30's, Two things had led him there, and of the two he had gained one and Atlantic, doubling Florida's Key and the evening closed. West and crossing the Gulf. The warm climate of Texas and its flowery soil had wrought a mage mechanical skill of her husband

was more plentiful than water, were also abhorrent to him, and I was following. The road was the little family of three left Tex-like a Z, a W, a U and other letdifference of that time, an ever ings than the present, in one c widening country and increasing population make, it may be stated that in 1838 the United States offered five hundred acres of land inTexas free toevery married man of family who would migratethere Richard Mason received his legal ering. "M'amselle" was duty in were patches of hard wood trees deed to this amount, but failing troduced and installed in the litthere wasn't a blacksmith in the here and there, and the promise of to locate the land had no after benefit from the grant. But to ed from France. A young man anything more than a guide in the The air grew softer and sweeter return to the story. Mr and Mrs Mason with their baby daughter, in a few minutes driving a horse and buggy. Ryder hailed for a ride for me, and I got in with the rider, a large, heavily whiskered tractors, just as all Virginia roads with their baby daughter, bowed: "This is Paul Abelyard in Saw from the divide. The road bound inside a hotel of New Orleans waiting to pursue their north rider, a large, heavily whiskered tractors, just as all Virginia roads with their baby daughter, bowed: "This is Paul Abelyard in said the widow. "Your son, I pre some?" "Non, madame, the said the watch of the operator in the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and men the said themselves sickness said the widow. "Your son, I pre some?" "Non, madame, the said the watch of the operator in the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other, so as to catch the alter-twinkling and the watch of the other wa on quickly observing perhaps that tem of every man working out his fertile brain fell on a happy expe- his face. dient to amuse the little girl. ink furnished the necessary play

pased and save for the penscratch none would be aware of the childs presence. The patient falling@into a troubled sleep, which gave some faint hope of betterment, Debodoor and met a young girl whose eye and hair and general appearance betokened the French ele-City. This young girl was often visible in and around the place, moving qickly and pleasantly in the discharge of light duties, and in her interim of work, sought the room 88 whose lady occupant had often smiled at her in passing and perfect charm to Clare Abodie: Excusey moi, Madame, give me M'amselle just a little while."

to her new friend with open arms; proaching decline of life. face and apron all bespattered by ink and plainly telling the occupa-tion of the past few hours. The rectifying of this was only a mothe treasure of her heart to a strange little French girl who Orleans as a permanent abode.word, "M'amselle," so sweetly utly responded. One word or no a young girl seated at her methword is enough from a candid lov er's feet, and the breezes seemed ing heart to another of the same calibre. The evening waned: Mrs talked together ofthe family move ted piaza and looked around the strange city; just then a bell pealed forth from a smail chapel near and Deborah interpreted it as a call to evening prayer. How it carried her back to her native vil ed for the privilege of attending the merry girl searched up an again. In the wilds of Texas elderly head gear, donned spectaestly sought that God who is evcchildren's cries at all times and in was sleeping more naturally, the

the strange French nurse, pro-tem., had been unfaithful? No. The hotel grounds were enclos tween the sexes so far as the right | ed by a high brick wall and shade of voting is concerned. They are trees and partarres of southern equally intelligent: They are equal flowers made the enclosure most y competent to judge of the mer attractive-bowers were scatterits of measures and candidates. ed here and there and the white

Evil days seemed to have fallen a rich finely woven gold chain. De Mississippi River could have told no Deborah Mason. Alone in a borah approached the arbor and No one knew. Then it was that her child and husband, and he sick not disturb the slumberer. "How and the home of one wasthe home unto death apparently, it was is Monsieur?" enquired the wo- of all. And so "M'amselle" was enough to appal a stouter spirit than hers. But Deborah, young, on hearing good tidings from the hosts of blessings. A. L. P.

"Now, tell me, Clare, whose pic ture is this in the locket that Estelle holds?" "Oh that is my grand mere, in la belle France: was she not beautiful, Madame? "Indeed your grand ma wa beautiful, and you resemble her,

The young girl blushed and our house? I wil show la rue"-lost the other: His young wife's for Clare could only talk by mixhealth failing he had gone to the ing up the English and the Freuch South by way of a long sailing in a broken interesting way of her ups and downs in the market valvoyage, many weeks adown the own. Bon soirs were exchanged ues of pig iron, hogs, corn and

Mr Mason's health improving and their stay in New Orleans shortening, Mrs Mason and her change in Mrs Mason but the little Estelle made short pilgrimages about the city, and one of could not compass its end when these brought them to the hammalaria fever constantly attacked ble neat, atractive home of the him; the rough wild ways of the widow, Madame Abadie, Clare's then new country where whiskey mother. Greeting her strange guest most unaffectedly and grace fully, Mrs Abadie instinctively showed the gentility of her race the humbler quarters of New Orleans. Clare hovered about delightedly and appeared as a hous; hold bird that could scarce refra: from flying and singing for ver joy over the unusual home gathtle arm chair that had been earri- never intended his predictions to painting at an easel arose and bowed: "This is Paul Abelyard' er with a grateful expression on

Please resume your painting young man, while we mothers entertain each other," which l'and was pleased to do. Over his pale artistic countenance a red blush manhood: it was the blus's and Paul Abelyard appeared as one apart from all, peculiar to himself. Deborah Mason was both pleased

In story, as in reality, the years, many years slip away and scarce do we notice- them save by the changes that they bring. Certainly there was no exception to this in the Mason family. The father and husband had run his earthly young man, and those bereft had where by economy and mutual daughter had lived peacefully all Mrs Mason could not refuse, es terpart of her mother's youth and

Circustances touching Mrs Ma sons means of support and a broth er interested in the same led to a change ofresidence and once more ment and the mother entrusted under very different auspices Deborah Mason was drawn to New could illy speak a connected sen- Thro' the muslin curtains and half tence in English, but that fond closed blinds of an evening in June gentle breezes stole and play tered to which the baby so quick- ed with the loose black tresses of bidding them farewell as the two Mason stepped out of the long southward: "And shall we find window upon the iron, green pain our poor Clare, who dubbed me 'M'amselle' the nickname that has clung to me thro' life, Mama?"

"We may, and yet the time is so long, Estelle: you were a baby lage far up north and the weekly "Perhaps my hair is growing gray prayer meeting and how she long- and I will wear a cap," so saying there had been few prayer meet- cles, and assumed an ancient air: ings, indeed the outward services "Now, mamma, we are the same age, and what is that: near a hundred, as the negroes love to pagans worship they know not say?" It was Mrs Mason's turn what. Alone upon the cool piazza to laugh, and the combined merrito laugh, and the combined merriment wrote both some distance

"Do you suppose that Clare Ab adie married Paul Abelyard?" "I often fear that she did," said Deborah Mason, "Brought up to often think, a life in the monaste- al history to repeat itself.

sleeping on a rustic bench while and Paul continued painting, but the young French girl affectionate his art brought no bread to the ly watched beside. Mrs Mason house—it was like a consuming stood for a moment unannounced mania that would carry him away Her baby daughter was crowned Clare and her only child, Estelle, with a wreath of pink rose buds upheld life's burden until it grew whose leaves Clare had interwov- too heavy, but they never comen in her own glossy black hair, plained. At last Paul's brain reel-and Estelle held tightly in her ed, his brush fell and he departed chubby hand a locket attached to to be seen no more-probably the Clare arose: "M'amselle, asleep! Mrs Mason and Estelle received so sweet and pretty"-a kiss did the young widow and her child,

BENNER'S PROPHECIES

The writer in his recent read ings on Biblical subjects had his attention drawn to a little book by Samuel Benner, an "Ohio former," as he calls himself, and is called "Benner's Prophecies." It shook her head: "Not I, madame, was first isued in 1875 and re-editbut ma maman. WilLyou come to ed in 1884. It is an effect to formulate from commercial statistics or prices current the cycles of the provisions that are the great siaple articles of trade.

Samuel Benner also tabulated the cycles or reoccurring periods in which financial panic had revolved up to the date of his publication. By using these tables le forecasted the 'u'ps" and "downs' in general terms, and with such marked success that it has become a reference book by such persons who may be endowed with sufficent additional wisdom to 13e it properly. It seems many have misunderstood the spirit of his forecasts and come to grief by adhering too closely to a rule of thumb. Mr Benner, as it seems plain to the thoughtful reader, premises, where the pulse of busations rather than be caught in the combination. By holding that pulse in 1875, the year preceding the famous centennial boom, and informed by the reports of the ayerage market prices, as gvien in the Cincinnatti Price Curent he did not hesitate to declare: "I predict that there will be great depression in general business and many failures in the years 1876 and 1877, and that there will be a commercial revulsion in the year,

In conclusion the sequence of trade predictions discussed in his book, Mr Benner observes:-"Here are twelve prophecies of certain events to take place in the iuture and they are of no uncerain sound: either one of them if taken advantage of by large operators and speculators would make and save them millions of money, and would be incalculable benefit to every person in the country. To know when to shape our agricultural manufacturing and finan cial operations so as to secure tre best markets instead of the worst is the end much to be desired by

The Ohio Farmer goes on by the way of explanation to say that his forecasts were founded on the "testimony of twenty years personal observation from living and experimental facts and from analo gy, relying upon history to re-peat itself." The sagacious farmer claims no "gift of prophecy," and positively disavows any re-sort to the higher methods of Joseph in his manipulation of the grain market in Egypt. The Ohio seer clearly declares his firm belief "that God is in prices and that the over and under production of with His will with strict reference which are God's laws, and that the production, advance and decline of average prices should be systeprovidential succession as certain and regular as the magnetic nee-

A person with opportunities to ery extensive operator on Wall book, and if it be so we have an gether, unrelated and living such astounding individual successes happy crisis must be passed. Now gether, unrelated and living such astounding individual successes to find the missing baby: what if isolated lives. Unless Madame have been obtained and that equal soul that he had, it would be a sor reactionary influences that are to ry painting continually the Bilde writer is of the opinion that just characters and the scenes of land- now we are at the stage of reacscape beauty only suited Paul Ab- tionary movement, that a person Practical Land Surveyor,

Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.

Work in Pocahontas County solic.

Work in Pocahontas County and that the work and the thew or valley. Coming around a point that the work in Pocahonta County and that the worlied in New Orthout